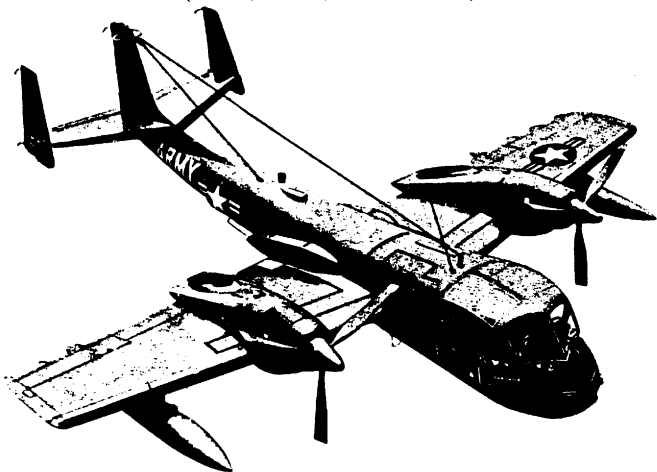


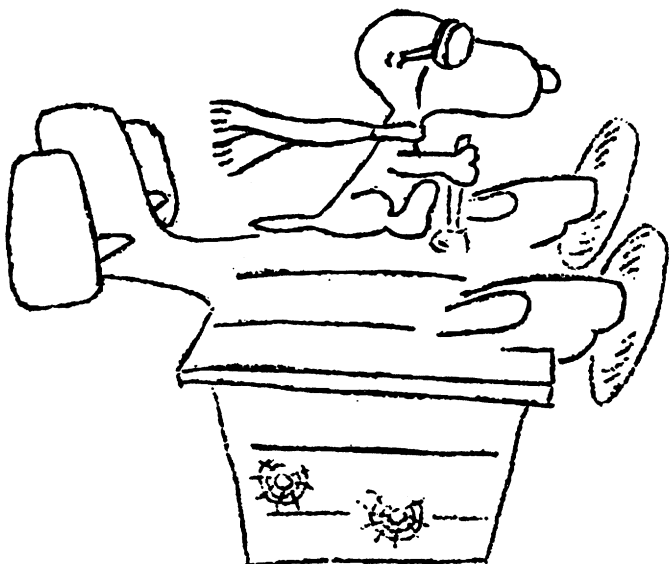
This is a beautiful work of fiction  
Any resemblance to any actual dates, places, or  
people is just tough shit. Sorry about that! This  
magnificent sacriligious document is published for  
the sole purpose of back-stabbing, slander, muck-  
raking and general hell-raising, and shall henseforth  
be known as;

# **The SPUD Hymnal<sup>©</sup>**

(Him, Him, Fuck Him)



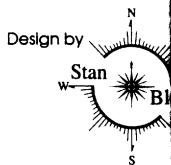
The Official 131st  
Song Book



**“May You Always Give a Fuck”**



This miserable work of absolute trash was started at Marble Mountain, DaNang Vietnam in 1971. All the words to the songs we sang at our perpetual party were written down and saved . The first edition was produced on a mimio-graph at Fort Huachuca Arizona. This version was put together on the Mac by retired SPUD Stan Bloom, at Fairbanks, Alaska in 1992.



## A Brief word of warning

The SPUD tradition, beginning in 1965, is a long and proud one. Since the South-east Asian war games are still in progress, it should be duly noted that we are not winning the war all by ourselves. However, once upon a time, before top-heavy bureaucracy and the Airforce stuck their thumbs in the pie, the 131st was allowed to arm their Mohawks. This lasted until the blowtorch jocks, who can't hit a bull in the butt with a bass fiddle, got a case of the ass figuring that since that couldn't hit anything with their guns and bombs, they'd be damned if they would let anybody else try to do it for them. Those were the glorious days when SPUD drivers were a bold lot, and died a lot.

Since the new nomex was always ripped off the supply system and sold into the black market before it got as far north as Hue/Phu Bai, proud Hawk drivers were forced to wear old reject Air Force gray flight suits, which we died black to better hide greasy C-ration stains. Then a couple of incidents forced a change in this situation. First was a small matter of an iron SPUD driver and his fearless tech observer who were shot down in some downright hostile countryside. The Jolly Greens (Air Force H-53's) came in to pick them up and nearly shot them both, spotting the black clothes. The second incident involved a Colonel who told us the black flight suits would not be worn while flying the OV-1, obviously a narrow minded bastard. Hence the reference to "Ho Chi Minh Wears Nomex". Seeing as how the new nomex, after a few years still hadn't made it as far north from Saigon as Phu Bia, it put a screaming cramp on getting any flying done. However, when all appeared lost, the hawk drivers and TO's of the 131st came through in grand traditional style... they stole what they needed. This maneuver pissed off some Saigon warriors who were about to sell the stuff on the black market.

So when you see reference in the following pages to guns, rockets, black flying clothes, useless Saigon warriors, and worthless Army management, you'll know just what in the wild billy hell is coming off. Also some of the incidents related herein are true, but many are blatant lies. The language used herein is shocking to the faint of heart or the delicately raised, but also interesting. And too, some salty O.D sailer or dashing blow torch jock or crusty soldier will stomp the mud off his boots and growl, "That ain't the way I heered it", but there'll be a twinkle in his eye and no malice in his stout heart. This miserable collection of disgusting filth sells for the outrageous sum of nothing---but there is a can besides the hymnals and we'd appreciate it if you would put in a contribution for there new orphanage being built in DaNang.

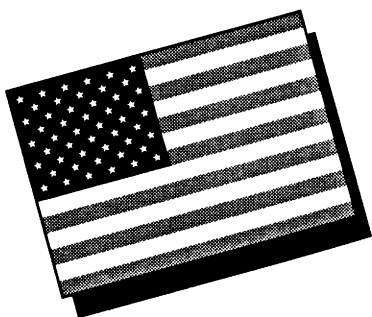
Here's to all the SPUDs that contributed their time and dirty minds to this undertaking.

## Terms and Definitions

Have you ever looked over your OER, NCOER and ask yourself, "I wonder what he means by this phrase?" Well perhaps the following list will help.

Term	Definition
Exceptionally well qualified -----	Has committed no serious blunders to date,
Active socially -----	Drinks heavily
Character & integrity above reproach -----	Still one step ahead of the law
Wife is socially active -----	She drinks too
Zealous attitude -----	Opinionated
Unlimited potential -----	Will retire or be kicked out shortly
Quick thinking -----	Offers plausible excuses for errors
Exceptionable flying ability -----	Has an equal number of take offs and landings
Takes pride in work -----	Conceited
Takes advantage of opportunity to progress ---	Buy's drinks for OIC and NCOIC's
Forceful and aggressive -----	Argumentative
Outstanding -----	Frequently in the rain
Indifferent to instructions -----	Knows more than supervisors
Tactful when dealing with supervisors -----	Knows when to keep his mouth shut
Approaches difficult problems with enthusiasm	Finds someone else to do the job
A keen analyst -----	Thoroughly confused
Expresses himself well -----	Speaks english fluently
Definitely not a desk man -----	Did not go to college
Often spends extra hours on the job -----	Has a measurable home life
A true southern gentleman -----	A hillbilly

Meticulous in attention to detail ----- A nit picker  
 Demonstrates qualities of leadership ----- Has a loud voice  
 Judgement is usually sound ----- Lucky SOB  
 Maintains a professional attitude ----- A snob  
 Keen sense of humor ----- A vast repertoire of dirty jokes  
 Strong adherence to principles ----- Stubborn  
 Career minded ----- Hates reservists  
 Gets along extremely well with superiors and subordinates alike ----- A coward  
 Average officer or NCO ----- Not to bright  
 Slightly below average ----- Stupid  
 A very fine officer of great value to the service ----- Usually gets to work on time  
 Develops a good "team feeling" ----- Has everybody mad at him  
 Outstanding ability to get the maximum out of his men ----- A slavedriver  
 Exceptionally effective in utilization of resources ----- Stingy  
 Ability to communicates ideas to others ---- Next assignment instructor duty at Ft. Huachuca  
 Actively seeks out added responsibilities ----- Bucking for promotion or just plain nosy  
 Correctly interprets rather difficult instructions ----- Spell it out for him



United States

## Definition of a SPUD

A man of vision and ambition, an after-dinner speaker, a before dinner speaker, a before and after dinner guzzler, night owl, able to fly all day and fill out reports all night and still appear fresh the next day; is able to sleep on the floor and eat two meals a day to economize on expenses so he can entertain his friends at the SPUD club.

He is able to entertain wives, sweethearts, hoochmaids, and mothers without becoming too amorous in public. Date donut-dollies and at the same time keep out of trouble. Drive through snow ten feet deep at ten below and work all summer filling sandbags without acquiring B.O.

He's a man's man, a ladie's man, a model husband or bachelor, a fatherly father, a good provider, a plutocrat, a democrat, a republican or new dealer when necessary, an old dealer and fast dealer, a technician, a politician and a mathematician, an expert OV-1 mechanic and engine fixer, an authority on anything and everything. He is an accomplished stenographer and typist, able to rip out 150 words per-minute and still keep a cigar going. He attends all meetings, conventions, funerals, visits hospitals, jails, and the drug rehabilitation centers, contacting and soothing the feelings of wayward SPUDS, and every commander in the army. Drives a government car, truck, tractor, trailer, sweeper crane, Plaouste unit or oxygen cart, and is ready to compute mileage, drift, ground speed, JP-4 consumption, per-block-minute, wear on the tires and depreciation on the paint job.

He has unlimited endurance and frequently over indulges in wine, women, song, wind and gab. He knows a wide range of telephone numbers almost as well as he knows his air machine. He knows the very latest jokes and stories.

He owns the latest car, an attractive hooch with bar and air conditioning, a sexy hoochmaid and extensive wardrobe, and an airforce oxygen mask. He belongs to all clubs, pays all expenses at home plus old age pensions, social security deductions, income tax, tobacco tax, luxury tax and a heavy liquor tax.

He is able to stick his neck out by answering any question with authority and then pull it back in before it is chopped off. He is an expert talker, dancer, liar, traveler, aviator, fornicator, phrophet, poet, bridge player and poker hound: An authority on palmistry, chemistry, physiology, and birth control, etc. He sees all, knows all and is able to tell his boss "no" in such a way that takes ten minutes and leaves the boss with the impression that he has done him a big favor: He is able to say all without telling anything or committing anybody.

**IN SHORT ----HE IS SHIT HOT!!**

# MISSION DEBRIEF FORM USED BY FEARLESS SPUDS

\_\_\_\_\_ Date

Mission Number \_\_\_\_\_ Time on Target \_\_\_\_\_

Did you find the target area(check one) Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ Not sure \_\_\_\_\_

The Aircraft fell apart: Before \_\_\_\_\_ After \_\_\_\_\_ Takeoff \_\_\_\_\_

Did yo urecieve unfriendly fire Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

Estimated number of rounds \_\_\_\_\_ Esimated number of hits \_\_\_\_\_

Check appropriate blank

AK 47 _____	M-16 _____	SAM-2 _____	MIG 19 _____
Morters _____	51 Cal _____	SAM-7 _____	MIG 21 _____
23MM _____	57MM _____	SAM 4 _____	Other _____
85MM _____	100MM _____	MIG 17 _____	All the above _____

Did you recieve Friendly fire Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ (See list above)

Did your TO fire at you Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ Not sure \_\_\_\_\_

Aircraft Problems (check Appropriate Item)

Sensor Mal _____	TO Ejection Seat _____	Struts Flat _____
Engine (s) Inop _____	Canopy Missing _____	Butts flat _____
Engine (s) missing _____	Upper firing _____	Beers Flat _____
Bullet or _____	handle missing _____	Pilot Drunk _____
Shrapnel damage _____	Over voltage _____	Hydraulic Failure _____
Panic Button Inop _____	Life raft deployed _____	FM radio inop _____
Pilot light stays on _____	Tires flat _____	
Pilot too drunk to fly _____	tO Too Drunk to Get in _____	

Why did you abort: (explain in detail)

Weather \_\_\_\_\_

Ground fire \_\_\_\_\_

TO missing \_\_\_\_\_

Pilot missing \_\_\_\_\_

Airplane missing \_\_\_\_\_

Engines won't start \_\_\_\_\_

Pilot Dead Drunk \_\_\_\_\_

ADF won't tune to AFVN \_\_\_\_\_

All of above \_\_\_\_\_

## Phu Bai GCA

This is the story of an episode in the life of a young SPUD pilot.

"Miss Smith was born in 1912 and she lost her father in the first world war.....Her mother managed to keep the family together and Miss Smith married in 1939 becoming Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones became Sergeant Jones and went to war and in two years Mrs. Jones got a telegram telling her she was now widow Jones....Well the widow Jones struggled and kept her family together and when her son grew up he joined the army and went into army aviation.....then he went to Vietnam and became a SPUD...Every day widow Jones went to the mailbox and pulled out a letter from Johnny...Then one day the letter didn't come...The next day there was a knock at the door' knock 'knock 'knock The widow Jones went to the door and there stood a man in uniform..."Oh wonderful" the widow Jones did say "you must be the new postman with a letter from my son" "No madam, this is a rather special telegram" the man in uniform said. "Oh I know its a singing telegram from my son" "well ma'am its not exactly a singing telegram" the man in uniform said. "Oh yes, I just know that its a singing telegram...Please Mr. telegram man sing me my telegram..."

and this is what the man in uniform sang:

Your son is dead, they say, he bought the farm today,  
He got below the glideslope, on the Phu Bai GCA  
And now he's on the ground, He's sort of spread around  
What....More... can...I ...say

(chorus)

Your sons comin home in a body bag, Doo Dah, Doo Dah  
Shot through the head, That motherfuckers dead  
Your sons comin home in a body bag, Oh Doo Dah Day

and the grieving widow said "How did my son go?"  
Straight Down

"Well, what was he doing?"  
300 Knots

(Chorus)

Well I've got a job in the one thirty first, Doo Dah, Doo Dah  
I'm taking bets on who'll die first, Oh Doo Dah Day  
Will it be IR? No, perhaps its SLAR  
Your sons coming home in a body bag, all the Doo Dah Day

DON'T WRAP EM, BAG EM!! IN BAGGIES!!!!



## Marble Mountain Blues

(tune of "Orange Blossom Special")

Well, I hear that plane a-leaving, It just flew round the bend  
I ain't seen the word, since I don't know when  
Well, I'm stuck at Marble Mountain, and time keeps draggin' on,  
I see that plane a-leaving, headed down to old Siagon.

Well, just when I was eighteen, My mama said, "Hey son"  
Don't go into the Army, and you won't end up in Nam,  
Well, I went on and enlisted, guess where I am today,  
Now I wish that C-130, would carry my blues away.

Well, if freed me from old Marble, if that C-130 was mine,  
You can bet I'd fly it on, a whole lot farther down the line,  
And let that seven forty seven, take me to the USA.

Well I'll bet my brothers drivin', a brand new shiny vette,  
While I'm stuck here at Marble Mountain, and thats where I'll remain  
Till that seven forty seven, takes me to the USA

---

## I don't want to join the army

Oh, I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war,  
I would rather hang around the Piccadilly underground,  
Livin' off the earnings of a high class lady.

I don't want a bullet up me arse-hole, I don't want me buttocks shot away,  
I'd rather stay in London, in blimey, blimey London,  
And fornicate me bloomin' life away, oh blimey.

Monday I grabbed her by the ankles, Tuesday i grabbed her by the  
knee,  
Wednesday with great success, I finally lifted up her dress,  
Thursday I grabbed her by the thigh, Yigh, Yigh, Yigh,  
Friday I got me hands upon it, Saturday I gave it just a tweak, tweak, tweak,  
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old bou up her,  
And now she's gainin' seven pounds a week! Oh blimey.

Oh, I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war,  
I would rather hang around the Piccadilly underground,  
Livin' off the earnings of a high class lady,  
I don't want a bullet up me arse-hole, I don't want me buttocks shot away,  
I'd rather stay in Marble, in bloody bloody Marble...  
And masturbate me bloomin' life away....

## No Mohawk Pilots

Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in the states,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in the states,  
They're all on foreign shores-making mothers out of whores,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in the states,

Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Can Tho,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Can Tho,  
The place is full of queers, dressed in panties and brassieres,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Can Tho,

Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Vung Tau,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Vung Tau,  
They're in the USO, wearing women's fancy clothes,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Vung Tau,

Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Phu Hiep,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Phu Hiep,  
Oh yes they fight the war, from their million-dollar bar,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Phu Hiep,

Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Long Thanh,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Long Thanh,  
There's just a motley mob, with a silly fucking job,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Long Thanh,

Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Phu Bia  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Phu Bia,  
No longer could they dally, after they burned out piss valley,  
Oh there are no Mohawk pilots in Phu Bia,

There's a bunch of shaggy tech reps in Da Nang,  
There's a bunch of shaggy tech reps in Da Nang  
They sit around and brood about, the rising cost of food,  
There's a bunch of shaggy tech reps in Da Nang

There's a bunch of Mohawk pilots in Da Nang,  
There's a bunch of Mohawk pilots in Da Nang,  
Their balls are rather big, they say fuck the SAMS and the MIGS ,  
There's a bunch of Mohawk pilots in Da Nang,

The angels in the war fly in the south,  
The angels in the war fly in the south,  
SPUDS fly through flak and lead, where the angels fear to tread  
The angels in the war fly in the south,

## **This Land is Your Land**

(tune to "This Land is My Land")

This land is your land, It's sure not my land,  
From the Mekong Delta, to the central highlands,  
From the steaming jungles, to the gulf of Tonkin,  
This land was made for you, not for me

This land is your land, It's sure not my land,  
If this was my land, I'd make it a wasteland,  
I'd get up way high, and watch the dinks fly  
This land was made for you, not for me

---

## **MARBLE**

Marble, oh Marbles a hell of a place,  
The organizations a fucking disgrace,  
With captains and majors, and light colonels too,  
Their thumbs up their, ass holes with nothing to do,  
They stand on the runway, they scream,  
And they shout about many things, they know nothing about,  
For all they are doing, they might as well shovelling shit in the south china sea,

Ring ding a ding ding, blow it out your ass,  
Better days are coming bye and bye—bullshit!  
Oh you'll wonder there the yellow went—when the napalm hits the orient,  
Ho Chi Minh wears nomex—posthumously!!

The rules of engagement are mighty strange too,  
You cant shoot them bastards—till they shoot at you,  
The skies that we fly through are filled up with flak,  
We don't have permission—so we cant shoot back,  
They gave me permission, but its not much fun,  
They gave me a clearance—and took off my guns,  
Is really amazing—how everyone thinks,  
You must join the Air Force, before you can kill dinks.



## Tchepone

I was hanging around ops, just wasting my time  
Off of the schedule, not earning a dime  
When a major steps up, and he says I suppose,  
You fly a Mohawk, from your black flying clothes,  
Well you figures me right sir, I'm a good one I say,  
Do you happen to have me a mission today?  
He says yes I have, it's a real easy one,  
No sweat my boy, its an old time milk run.

Well I gets all excited and I asks where its at,  
He gives a wink and a tip of his hat,  
Its two eight zero, and ninety from home,  
A small peaceful hamlet that's known as Tchepone.

"Oh you'll sure like Tchepone"

I puts on my harness, and I straps on my gun,  
With helmet and gloves, out the door on the run,  
I fires up my mohawk and takes to the air,  
Two locked in tight, we haven't a care.

In twenty five minutes, we're over that town,  
From eight point five thousand, we're looking around,  
Push in the breakers and dial in the mils,  
Rack up my wing, and go in for the kill,

I feel a bit sorry for folks down below,  
Of destruction that's coming, they surely don't know  
But the thought passes quickly, we know war is on,  
Downward we scream toward that town called tchepone.

""Unsuspecting, peaceful Tchepone"

My panels all hot, and the pipper's just right,  
I pickles a couple, I lays em in tight,  
I pickles those beauties, from two point five grand  
Started my pullup, when the shit hit the fan.

There's an air burst in front, and two off to my right  
There's eight or ten others, I sucks it up tight,  
There's small arms, there's's tracer, there's heavy Ack,-Ack,  
It's scattered to broken in all kinds of flak.  
Wee I jinxed to the left, and pulls up toward the blue  
My wing man says: lead, they're shooting at you"

"No shit" I cry, as I points it toward home,  
Still comes the fire from that town called Tchepone.

"Dirty, deadly Tchepone"

I gets back to marble, six holes in my bird,  
With that major who sent me I'd sure like a word,  
But he's nowhere around, though I look near and far,  
They sent him to Saigon to help win the war.  
Still I've been round this country for many a day  
I've seen all the shit that they're throwing my way,  
But I'll bet all my flight pay the hawk jock's not born,  
Who can keep all of his cool flying over Tchepone.

"No don't go to Tchepone"

---

### **Sam, Sam the Lavatory Man**

Sam, Sam, the lavatory man,  
Well he's the chief inspector, of the public can,  
He brings in the paper, and he brings in the towels  
And he listens to the rumble, of the people's bowels.

Well down, down, deep in the ground  
We'll all hear those turds, come a tumblin down,  
Well its flip, flop, hear them drop,  
Sams got the shit house blues----  
Da da dadada, Sams got the shit house blues,



## Save a Mohawk Pilots Ass

Well I was cruising down the Mecong doing two and twenty per  
A call. Came from my TO. He said "won't you save us sir  
We got flak holes in our drop tanks, there almost out of gas,  
Mayday-Mayday-Mayday-we got six MIGs on our ass.

(Chorus )

Hallelujah, hallelujah

Throw a nickel on the grass,

Save a mohawk pilot's ass, hallelujah, hallelujah

Throw a nickel on the grass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right

The airspeed read 100, I really racked it tight

The airframe gave a shudder, and the engines gave a wheeze

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

(Chorus)

They sent me out to Attapo,

The brief said no ack-ack

By the time that I arrived there, my wings were mostly flak,

I felt The airframe, gave a shudder, I am to young to die.

(Chorus)

Split S on my gun run, I got too goldarned low

I lined that little pipper up, and let those bogies go,

I sucked the stick back sharply, I'd hit a high speed stall,

Now I won't See my mother when the work's all done this fall.

(Chorus)

They sent me out to Saraveen, I had to leave the plane

I evaded all that night and day, till I was safe again,

I opened my survival kit to see what was in it'-

That goldarned Capt. Smith, had filled it up with shit".

(Chorus)



## Ballad of the SPUDS

Screaming Mohawks in the sky,  
Drunken pilots, with bloodshot eyes,  
Majors, captains, all. Warrants too,  
These are men, the mohawk crew.

(Chorus)

Pilot wings upon their chest,  
These are america's best.  
I doubt if one could fly a kite.

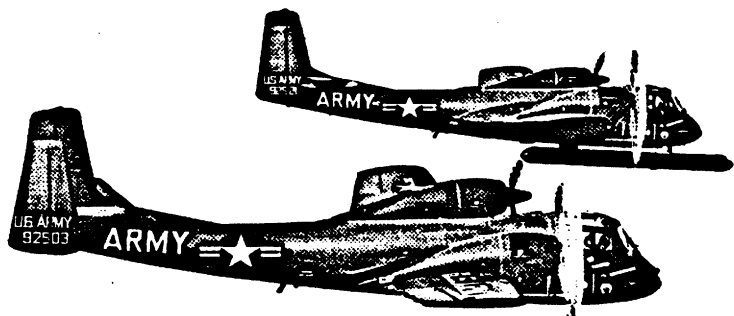
(Chorus)

Men who live off natures land,  
That is if nature is in Thailand,  
One hundred trips, they make each month,  
For a piece of ass, and a steak for lunch.

(Chorus)

Back at home are wives alone,  
They pray their husbands will make it home,  
If they knew how these guys fly,  
They'd get insurance, all they could buy.  
(Chorus)

Pilots of the one thirty first  
These are men, america's worst  
Three hundred men, and all are duds  
They make the crew of the shit hot SPUDS  
(Chorus)



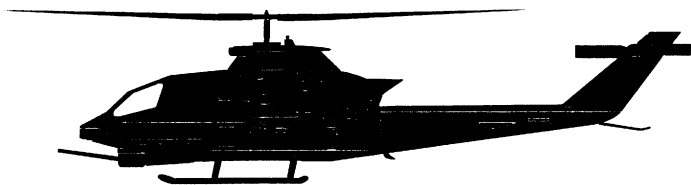
## The Helicopter Man

Well he stomped' into operations with a sneer upon his face  
Slammed the door and glared around just like he owned the place  
He hollered for a coffee cup, and a pen to file a plan, we knew from his  
seedy look—he was a helicopter man,

Well, he ran right out and cranked it up, they don't preflight that bird  
He fired up and drove away and that's the last we heard  
Somewhere he's out there swearin. that we sabotaged his fan—  
A typical truck driver—he's a helicopter man,

Well he landed in the paddies, and he ended up all wet,  
He wished instead of choppers, he had learned to fly a jet.  
He ranted raved and blustered too, he fretted fumed and fussed,  
He wept, he sighed, he bawled, he cried, he yelled and screamed and cussed.

Then from the treetop level, he heard a funny noise  
He realized his screams had brought—the faithful mohawk boys.  
He smiled and waved, and yelled and called many loud ahoy  
Till they picked him up and packed him off to his little huey toys  
Now if you want to fly my friend, now here's a word for you,  
Don't fly no silly chopper—go into a mohawk crew  
And then be on the lookout when you're flying in the land  
For down there wavin, madly is a helicopter man.



Huey Cobra

---

## Ode to Shit-Hot SPUD Wives

I love my wife, yes I do , yesI do, I love her dearly,  
I love the hole, that she pisses through,  
I love her tits, hairy tits, and the hair around her ass hole,  
I'd eat her shit, gobble gobble gobble gobble if she asked me to,  
If she asked me to.



## Somebodies daughter

Well, she was pure, and she was hornier-  
Victim of a rich mans whim  
Til she met that christen governor  
George. Wallace  
And she had a child by him. (a child by him)

Now he sits, in legislature,  
Making laws for all mankind,  
While she walks, the streets of Dothan Alabama  
Selling grapes, from her grape vine. (from her grape vine)

Now the moral, of this story,  
Is to never take a ride  
With Alabama's christian gov'nor  
George c. Wallace,  
And you'll be, a virgin bride. ( a virgin bride,)



### SPUD Legion of Merrit



---

### Ode to the Grumman OV-1 (Grumman's Ultra-Hog) (To the tune of the Walbash cannonball)

Listen to the rattle, the gruntin and the wheeze,  
As she rolls along old marble, by the sand and by the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engines, as you leap into the fog,  
You're flyin' through MIG country in the grumman ultra hog.

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell,  
He'll always be remembered down in mohawk pilots hell,  
He frags out all our targets, we punch out and we run,  
He sends us into combat in, the grumman OV-1

Oh-came up from old marble, one steamy summer day,  
As we're mapping up our target, you could hear the TO, say,  
She's big and fat and ugly, she's really quite a dog,  
She's known around MIG country as the grumman ultra hog,,,

## Give Me Operations

Don't give an an OV-1A, it flies like a fighter they say,  
It stalls out in turns, and it crashes and burns,  
Don't give me an OV-1A

(Chorus)

No, give me operations way out on some lonely atoll,  
For I'm too young to die, I just want to grow old.

Those shit hooks they carry the weight, but the blades they counter-rotate  
Its a fair weather coffin, that crashes so often,

(chorus)

Don't tell me a huey is mine, the engine is mounted behind,  
They tumble and spin, and they auger you in,  
Don't tell me a huey is mine.

(Chorus)

Don't give me a C model hawk, about it the pilots all squawk,  
It flies like a sparrow, but the gear is too narrow,  
No, don't give me a C-model hawk.

(chorus)

Don't give me a cobra no more, she's just a ground loving whore,  
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and make straight for the trees,  
Don't give me a cobra no more.

(Chorus)

Don't give jwe a damned OV-1, for night flying it is no fun,  
By day its a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,  
Don't give me a damned OV-1

(Chorus)

Don't give me a lil' OH-6

With blades like broken match sticks

"drop five" says the coach, "from the bright burning loach-

Don't give me an OH-6

(Chorus)

Don't give me an OV-1b, with an, radar and TV

She's fast li don't care, she blows up in midair,

Don't give me an OV-1b

(chorus)

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive

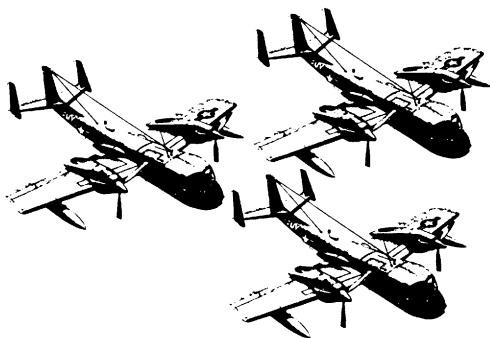
It's a ground looping bastard, you're sure to get plastered,

Don't give me a C-45

(Chorus)

Give me an OV-1d, it's got everything—don't you see...  
It'll cover your ass in the Mu Gia pass, .  
Give me an ov-1d  
(Chorus)

Don't give me operations, way out on some lonely atoll,  
A hawk I'd much rather fly  
The life of a SPUD is a ball





## Twelve Days of Christmas



On the first day of christmas, my true love gave to me, a hand job in a palm tree

On the second day of Christmas, my true love gave to me two brass balls, and hand job in a palm tree

On the third day of Christmas my true love gave to me,  
Three french ticklers, two brass balls, and a hand job in a palm tree

On the fourth day of Christmas, my true love gave to  
Four cocksuckers, three french ticklers, two brass balls,  
And a hand job in a palm tree

On the fifth day of Christmas my true love gave to me.  
Five...Mother...Fuckers, four cocksuckers, three french ticklers  
Two brass balls, and a hand job in a palm tree.

On the sixth day of Christmas, my true love gave to  
Six sacks of shit, five mother fuckers, four cocksuckers, three french  
ticklers Two brass balls, and a hand job in a palm tree.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me seven  
scrotums swinging Six sacks of shit, five mother fuckers, four  
cocksuckers, three french ticklers Two brass balls, and a hand job in a  
palm tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me~ eight ass holes  
a achin' .... (etc.)

On the ninth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me,  
nine nipples nippling... (etc.)

„On the tenth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me ten turds a  
tumblin' ....(Etc)

On the eleventh day of Christmas, my true love gave to me eleven  
lesbians licking,.... (etc.)

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love gave to me: twelve  
twats a twitchin', eleven lesbians lickin', ten turds a tumblin', nine  
nipples nipplin', eight ass holes achin', seven scrotums swinging,  
six sacks of shit, five mother fuckers, four cocksuckers,  
three french ticklers, two brass balls, and a hand job in a palm tree.

## **Fucking Battle Hymn of the Fucking SPUDS**

We fly our fucking mohawks at ten thousand fucking feet  
We fly our fucking mohawks through the rain and shit and sleet  
And though we think we're flying south, we're flying fucking north  
And we make our fucking landing on the fifth or fucking forth

Glory, Glory what hell of a way to die,  
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to die,  
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to die,  
We make our fucking landing on the fifth or fucking forth.

We fly those fucking mohawks, at one fucking thousand feet,  
We fly those fucking mohawks, through the trees and rice and wheat,  
And though we think we fly with skill, we fly with fucking luck,  
We don't give a fucking damn, or care a fucking fuck.

Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die,  
But we don't give a fucking damn, or care a fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking mohawks at twelve thousand fucking feet,  
We fly those fucking mohawks through the flak and shit and sleet,  
And though we think we're right side up, we're flying fucking down  
Land we bust our fucking asses, when we hit the fucking ground.

Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Glory, Glory, what a hell of a way to die,  
Glory, Glory, what hell of a way to die, '  
When we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

---

## **Strafe the Town**

Strafe the town and kill the people  
Drop your napalm in the square  
Get up early Sunday morning  
Catch them while they are still at prayer

Throw some candy to the children  
Wait until they gather round  
With your twenty millimeter  
Mow the little bastards down

## The Roaring Train



The roaring train came round the bend, she blew, she blew,  
The roaring train came round the bend, she blew, she blew,  
The roaring train came round the bend, full of whores and drunken men  
She blew, blew, blew, blew,  
Son of a bitch, she blew  
Baroom, baroom baroom, baroom, baroom

The Maid was in the parlor car, she blew, she blew  
The Maid was in the parlor car, she blew, she blew  
The Maid was in the. 'parlor car, fucking herself with a nickel cigar

And she blew, blew, blew, blew  
Son of a bitch, she blew  
Baroom, Baroom, baroom. Baroom Baroom

The porter he was making beds, she blew she blew  
The porter he was making beds, she blew, she blew  
The porter he was making beds—sweeping out the maidenheads  
And she blew, blew, blew, blew, son of a bitch she blew  
(chorus)

The fireman he was shovelling coal, she blew, she blew,  
The fireman he was shovelling coal, she blew, she blew,  
The fireman he was shovelling coal—up the engineer's asshole, and she  
blew, blew, blew, blew, son of a bitch she blew  
(chorus)

The hobo he was riding the rod, she blew, she blew,  
The hobo he was riding the rod she blew, she blew,  
The hobo he was riding the rod—sixty nine cars ran over his cod and she  
blew, blew, blew, blew, son of a bitch she blew  
(chorus)

The engineer foresaw the wreck, she blew, she blew  
The engineer foresaw the wreck, she blew, she blew  
The engineer foresaw the wreck,—he stood on his head, and he shit on  
his neck,  
And she blew, blew, blew, blew son of a bitch she blew  
(chorus)

(Sad verse)

The switchman he was at the switch, she blew, she blew,  
The switchman he was at the switch, she blew, she blew,  
The switchman, he was at the stitch, they ran right over that son a bitch  
and she blew, blew, blew, blew, son of a bitch she blew  
Baroom, baroom, baroom, baroom, baroom, baroom.

## Ashau

(tune to Walbash Cannonball)

Hello Ashau tower, this is Mohawk fifty one,  
I'd like to use your runway, although it's over run,  
A chopper friend is down there, he's hiding in a ditch,  
I'd like to make a passenger stop, and save that son-of-a-bitch  
(Chorus)

Now listen to the small arms, hear the twenty mike mike roar,  
The A1-E's are bouncing off, the Ashau valley floor,  
Hear the roar of my Lycomings, hear the lonesome chopper call,  
We'll get you home to mother, when the work's all done this fall.  
(Chorus)

Now he scrambled out of Quin Nhon, to try to save that camp,  
They got him in their gunsights, and now his shorts are damp,  
He engine was on fire, it gave a final wheeze,  
He's hiding in the bushes now, altimeter setting please,  
(Chorus)

The VC are descending, upon his hiding place,  
Have him meet my mohawk, I'm turning on my base,  
I see him over yonder, he's running awfully fast,  
With a VC right behind him, and an AK up his ass.  
(Chorus)

My wingman sees a VC, oh strafe him if you can,  
You'll have to get him quickly, to give that chopper man,  
I've got him in the cockpit, he's standing on his head,  
Better let us take off, or soon we'll both be dead.  
(Chorus)

Now the takeoff it was frightful, they shot us full of holes,  
We now look just like a sieve, but still my mohawk rolls,  
The chopper jock is shot to hell, I hear him breathe a sigh,  
Good-by dear Ashau, of lord I thought we'd die.  
(Chorus)



## **The Big Back Bull**

(Dedicated to big Francis C. Calloway)

Well, the big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Houston, Sam Houston

Well, the big black bull came down from the mountain,  
A long time ago a long time ago, oh, oh, oh, a long time ago, oh, oh,  
Well, the big black bull came down from the mountain  
A long time ago.

Well, he spotted that heifer in the pasture a grazin'  
Houston, Sam Houston

Well, he spotted that heifer in the pasture a grazin'  
A long time ago a long time ago, on, oh, a long time ago, oh, oh,  
Well, he spotted that heifer in the pasture a grazin'  
A long time ago

Well, he jumped that fence and he humped that heifer,  
Houston, Sam Houston,

Well he jumped that fence and he humped that Heifer,  
Along time ago  
A long time ago, oh, oh, oh,  
A long time ago, oh, oh, oh,  
Well, he jumped that Fence and he humped that heifer  
A long time ago.

---

## **Mu Gia Waterfall**

Beside Mu Gia's waterfall, on on a bright and sunny day,  
Beside his shattered OV-1 a mohawk driver lay,  
His parachute hung from a tree, he was not yet quite dead,  
And as V.C. gathered round him, this young hawk driver said.

I'm going to that better land, where lycomings always roar,  
Where the INS. works perfectly, smoother than an oiled whore,  
Where there are no SAMs and MIGS and enemy around,  
There'll be apple pie and the rock and rye,  
Spud pilots go there when they die,  
In the army mohawk heaven.

The pilot lay beside the falls, the VC clustered round'  
SPUD heavens such a lovely place, and that's where I am bound'  
With a prop blade in his liver, inboard aileron in his nose'  
He said "I'm up and flying fast my friend, where every SPUD jock goes.



I'm going to that better land, where mohawks fly in style,  
Where the automatic pilot works, and we sit back and smile,  
There's a girl for every officer and a dozen for the crew,  
There'll be beds of hay in the sensor bay,  
The ALQ-90 fails away,  
In the army mohawk heaven.

His Breath came fast, he couldn't last, with sadness they all eyed him,  
The VC, wept, the tears rolled down, the pools rose up beside him,  
The waters rose, they reached his nose, he floated where he lay,  
And as he drifted out of sight, the VC heard him say.

I'm flying to that better land, where the flak don't ever fly,  
Where the bullets are all cotton, and the shells are apple pie,  
Where the shells are champagne cocktails, and you drink them on the fly,  
We'll its time to leave, so don't you grieve,  
I'll be wearing wings on my nomex sleeve,  
In the army mohawk heaven.



### Shit hot spud tee oh

I'm a shit hot SPUD tee oh, I sit on the right,  
I'm brave and courageous, and wonderfully bright,  
My job is remembering what the captain forgets,  
I never talk back so I have no regrets,  
I'm a shit hot SPUD tee oh, and a long way from home,  
I make out the flight plan and study the weather,  
Pull up the gear, drop it, and stand by to feather,  
I run for his mail call and hire his whores,  
And I fly his old hawk to the tune of his snores,  
I'm a shit hot SPUD tee oh, and a long way from home,

I make out his flight plan according to hoyle,  
Take all the readings, and check on the oil,  
I hustle to wake him, for a midnight alarm,  
Fly through the clouds ,while he sleeps on my arm,  
I'm a shit hot SPUD tee oh and a long way from home.

I bring him his coffee, I keep him in cokes,  
I laugh at his corn, and his terrible jokes,  
And once in a while, when his landings are rusty,  
I come through with "Yessiree, captain, it's gusty",  
I 'm a shit hot SPUD tee oh and a long way from home.

## Shit hot spudTee Oh (cont)

My old mohawk pilot is really a stooge ,  
I sit on the right of this high flying scrooge ,  
Some day I'll fly mohawks, and then I'll be blessed,  
I'll give my Poor tongue a long hell of a rest,  
I'm a shit hot SPUD tee oh 'and a long way from home.

---

### Hello Marble Tower

(tune to the Walbash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear Lycomings roar,  
I'm flying over marble like I never flew before,  
Hear the mighty rush of slipstream, and hear the engines moan,  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Hello marble tower, this is mohawk 801,  
I'm turning on my downwind and my prop has overrun,  
My oil is overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1,  
You'd, better get the crash crew out, and get them on the run.

Hello mohawk 801, this is marble tower,  
I cannot crash the call crew out, this is their coffee hour,  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see,  
So take it on around again you're not a VIP.

Hello marble tower, this is mohawk 801,  
I'm turning on my downwind leg, I see your signal gun,  
One Engines overrunning and the other is going to blow,  
I'm going to land this OV-1 so folks, look out below.

Listen mohawk 801 this is marble tower,  
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power,  
We'll send a note through channels and wait for the reply,  
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky.

Ya still there marble tower, this is mohawk 801,  
I'm turning on the final, and my flying days are gone,  
I'm gonna land this mohawk no matter what you say,  
I've got to get my bar bill paid before that judgement day.

OK mohawk 801, this is judgement day,  
You're in pilot's heaven now, and you are here to stay,  
You have just bought a mohawk, and you have bought it well,  
The famous mohawk 801 was sent straight down to hell.

## I Wanted Wings



I 've been alive, twenty years plus four of five  
And I've tried many a pursuit.  
Went to army pilots school, learned the ropes and learned the rules,  
Then I got my wings and nomex suit.  
And then i went to get upgraded, and like a fool I made it,  
Then a Mohawk I did fly, and they sent' me off to die ..Buster.

(Chorus)

I wanted wings till I got the goldarned things, now,  
I don't want them anymore,

Now I don't care to spin, over Dong Ha or the Minh,  
Flak always makes me puke, my lunch,  
With myself I never play, when they holler bombs away,  
And I don't want to hear my bones go crunch,  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off,  
And that's when they shoot your ass off,  
I'd rather be home buster with my ass than oak leaf cluster, buster  
(chorus)

I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames,  
I've no desire to be burned,  
Air combat spells romance, but it browns my nomex pants,  
I'm not a fighter pilot I have learned,  
If you get hit with SAMs, you'll fly formation up' in heaven,  
But I'd rather fuck a woman than be shot down in a Grumman,  
buster.

(Chorus)

Now the Grumman OV-1 is just thirty eight half-tons,  
It's the grumman ultra-hog as you can see,  
Two TACANS just for brunch, three inverters now for lunch,  
With pieces falling off our super C,  
Circuit boards and wires galore, it's an electrician's whore,  
The dirty sons of bitches, filled it with three thousand switches, buster  
(chorus)

Now I'm too young to die, in a goldurned PBY that's for the eager,  
not for me,  
I won't trust in luck, to be picked up in a duck, after I've crashed into  
the sea,  
Cause I'd rather be a bell hop than a pilot on a flat-top with my hand  
around a bottle, not around a gouldarned throttle, buster.  
(Chorus)

I wanted wings till I got the goldarned things,  
Now I don't want them any more,  
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die,  
I've had a belly full of war,  
You 'can save those fucking MIGs, for the guys with balls so big,  
Distinguished flying crosses, do not compenste for losses, buster.

---

### **You'll Never Mind**

Come and fly a mohawk,  
We're a happy band they say we never do a lick of work,  
Just fly around all day,  
While others work and study hard,  
And soon grow old and blind,  
Take to the air without a care.

(Chorus)

You'll never mind, you'll never mind,  
So come and fly a mohawk,  
And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted just,  
As high as you desire ,  
You're riding on a gravey train,  
If you're a mohawk flier ,  
And when you get to general, you will,  
Surely find,  
The engines cough, your wing fall off,  
But you will never mind.

(Chorus)

You take it up and spin it,  
And with an awful tear,  
Your wings fall off , the ship spins in,  
But you will never cape,  
For in about one minute more.

Another pair you 'll find,  
You'll dance with pete and his angels sweet,  
But you will never mind.

(Chorus)

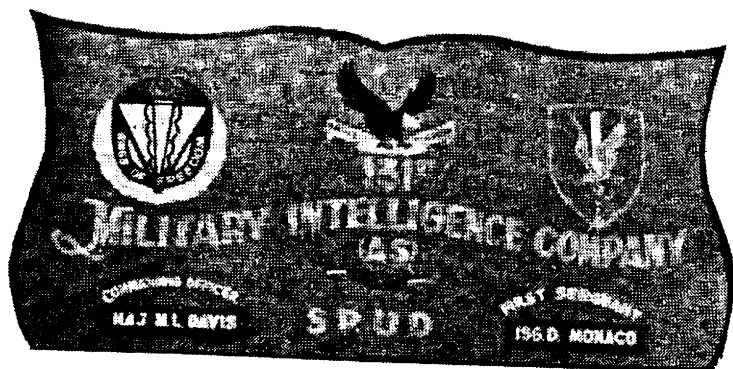
While flying west pacific,  
You hear the engines spit,

You watch the tachs come to a stop,  
The goldurnedn things have quit,  
The ship won't float. You can not swim the shore is miles behind,  
Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish,  
But you will never mind.  
(Chorus)

While flying over laos in,  
A mohawk OV-1,  
There's one target lots of fun with SA7,s, SAM, s and MIG,s,  
goldurned it, if I'm hit,  
It'll be up there all by itself cause I will shit and git.  
But you will never mind.  
(Chorus)

And if some wily MIG-21,  
Should shoot you down in flames,  
Don't sit around and bellyache,  
And call the bastards names,  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk,  
And pretty soon you'll find,  
There is no hell and all is well,  
And you will never mind.  
(Chorus)

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131st company sign at Phu Bai January, 1971

## Cold Cold Water

All Day and night in this mohawk kite,  
And The only sight is water, cold water,  
Ins And I with hopes held high,  
But tracers die over water, cold salt water.

You're flying mighty high, when we,  
Hear the pilot sigh, that the engines,  
Going to die, and I'll see you by,  
And by, in the water,  
TO Can't you see, that big CB,  
Where the lightning's flashing free,  
And its waiting for you and,  
To crash in water, cold salt water,  
All day we track, both up and back,  
Without a lack of water, cold cold water.

We're late to shad and things look bad,  
I think we're had, damn water, cold salt water,

Keep a turning fans, till at least we're,  
Close to land, we're partners I'll be daamnedd, but,  
We'd rather ditch in sand than water.

T.O. Can't you see, that big CB,  
Where the lightningss flashing free,  
And it's waiting there for you and me,  
To splash—in water, cold salt water.

## Big Prick of Steel

I once knew a sailor before he died,  
I don't know but that bastard. Lied,  
He married a maiden with a snatch so wide,  
That she could never be satisfied.

Womb, chi chis womb, chi chi, woimb chi chi, womb,

He built himself a big fucking wheel,  
Mounted on it a big prick of steel,  
Two balls of brass, they filled with brylcream,  
And the whole damn tthing was powered by steam,

Womb, chi chis womb, chi chi, woimb chi chi, womb,

Around and around went that big fucking wheel,  
In and out went that big prick of steel,  
Until at last the maiden cried,  
“enough, enough, I'm satisfied,

Womb, chi chis womb, chi chi, woimb chi chi, womb,

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**The Attapoe jail**  
(tune of Tijuna jail )

We went one day , About a month ago,  
To have a little fun , Around Atapoe ,  
We ended up , In a shooting spot,  
Where the SAMs were firing,  
And eighty fives glowed hot,

(Chorus)

So here we are, in the Atapoe jail,  
Waiting for uncle to go our bail,  
So here we'll stay, cause he won't pay  
Just send our, mail, to the Atapoe jail,  
(Chorus)

We were shooting dinks,  
Racking up the score ,  
That's when I heard—that missile. Roar,  
We started to jinx,  
When the airforce blue,  
Said “spud you'd better punch out,  
Cause he's got you,  
(Chorus)

We left the plane,  
Tunblin' in mid air,  
And then we landed,  
In the atapoe square ,  
Pulled out our thirty eights,  
Discovered then and there,  
Didn't have a prayer,  
(Chorus))

Just five million dollars,  
And they will set us free,  
I couldn't raise five piasters,  
If you threatened me,  
(Chorus)

## **I Fly the Line**

(tune of I Walk the Line)

I keep a close watch on this coast of mine,  
We keep our SLAR wide open all the time,  
Directing air strikes, a specialty of mine,  
This mohawk's mine, I fly the line

Night patrol round Dong Hoi's really great,  
Its an out of country mission that I hate,  
I'll fly and find them anywhere and any time,  
This mohawk's mine, I fly the line.

Smalls arms and thirty-sevens I don't sweat,  
S-A-sevens, SAMs, and MIGs is what i fret,  
Those flak puffs far away are eager sign,  
This sector's mine, I fly the line,

Armed with radar and nothing else we go,  
Out to map what we can't see and hope to know,  
Where old charlie runs and hides and spends his time,  
The IR ass is mine, I fly the line.

When we find charlie on the ground we call for air  
Then we dodge Sam's and Mig's till we get there  
They'll hit that convoy runin' on the north-south line  
Their ass is mine—I fly the line

## **Strafe the DMZ**

(tune of Jingle Bells)

Flying through the sky, in a hawk OV-1  
Flying through the flak, never looking back.  
Through the hills we dodge, for SAMs are called away  
What fun it is to bomb and strafe away

Jingle bells, sounds like hell, Mohawks all the way,  
Oh what fun it is to shoot the DMZ each day Hey,  
Thirty cal's, fifty cal's nails and rockets too  
Our Christmas gift to you.





## DaNang Lullabye

(To the tune of Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I went off to southeast Asia,  
To fight my own war in the air,  
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,  
To live like a rat just ain't fair.

(Chorus )  
Roll in, roll in,  
My god how the rockets roll in, roll in,  
Roll in, roll in

My god how the rockets roll in,  
Each day I go off to fly combat ,  
And then have a beer when I return,  
I usually finish the first one,  
Before incoming rounds start to burn.  
(Chorus)

Each morning we go off to combat,  
At dawn in the clouds, fog, and rain,  
The gyreens are up even sooner,  
To recapture the ramp at Danang.  
(Chorus)

And now that my tour is all over,  
I'll resume the life that I led,  
My wife thinks that its rather silly,  
To build bunkers over our bed.  
(Chorus)



Stan Bloom in Phu Bai in 1971

## **We've been Mapping Charlies Railroad**

(tune I've Been Working on the Railroad)

We've been mapping charlies railroad,  
Every fucking day,  
We've been mapping charlie's railroad,  
Up toward Vinh's airways,

Uncle he ain't got no railroad,  
No rolling stock or switches,  
But Saigon frags us on the railroad,  
Those dirty sons of bitches.

Sam's galore, thirty sevens too,  
Fifty sevens, SA-7s too  
Fuck, piss, hate, shit hot too,  
So what the hell is new.



Someone up a tree on thud ridge,  
Someone's in the drink I know who,  
Someone's in the karat near Dong Hoi  
Shouting on the radio

Shoutin, fee, fi fiddly I oh oh,  
Fee, fi fiddly I oh oh oh oh,  
Fee, fi jolly green oh,  
Less than five more days to go.

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open,  
I found a truck load of north Vietnamese,  
I've go to call some air, get a strike down there,  
Before they make it to the trees.

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open,  
It's a target that you don't find everyday,  
So I calls the DASC and I quickly ask.  
Wheres the Airforce jock I say

Now number one should have some guns and,  
A load of what they call incendahell,  
Send number two with CBU's and when they get here,  
We'll really gonna give them hell.

I've got a hundred and sixty VC in the open,  
And I'm marking them with my mohawk from above

## SPUD BAR SONG

We're gonna tear down the spud bar,  
We're gonna build a new bar,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

It's only gonna be a foot wide,  
But it'll be a mile long,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

There'll be no bartenders in our bar,  
We're gonna have barmaids,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

Our barmaids will wear long dresses,  
Made of cellophane,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

You can't take our barmaids home,  
They'll take you home,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

You can't sleep with our barmaids,  
They won't let you sleep,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

Beer will be fifty cents a glass,  
Whiskey will be free,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

Only one drink to a customer,  
Served in a bucket,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

No girls will be allowed on the first floor,  
With their cloths on,

Booooo  
Rayyyy

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor,  
And no dancing on the loving floor,

Booooo  
Rayyyy



## Quang Tri Road

Almost heaven-Marble Mountain DaNang air base, down in rocket valley,  
Mohawks risin' to meet the-night  
Misty shades of ground fog -black out combat flight  
(chorus)

Quang tri road, guide me home ,  
To the base, where I belong, marble mountain, blessed airfield,  
Guide me home, Quang Tri road

I hear a voice in the evening as she calls me,  
Radios remind I'm twelve thousand miles from home,  
Flying down the road I get the feeling that should,  
Have been home yesterday-yesterday  
(chorus)



Rockets fallin all around us,  
Sirens wailing, runnin for the bunkers  
Choppers scramblin off to find the foe-  
We find wounded, and some who'll sing no more,  
(chorus)

I hear a voice in the night I hear him callin,  
Stinger up on guard to say he's lost far-from home,  
Panama reminds him that his flight plan says he should,  
Have been home yesterday-yesterday  
(chorus)

I hear a voice on the radio a screamin'  
Mayday—spud is shot to hell, three hundred north of home,  
I sit and listen helpless as he says I wish I'd had my  
DEROS yesterday—yesterday  
(chorus)

Sometimes at night I have heard the ghostly echoes,  
Echoes of the pain nine spuds blown far from home,  
Prayin that their wives and children back at home,  
Continue to remember them remember them.

Quang Tri road, take us home,  
To the states, where we belong,  
Cross the ocean, my own country,  
Freedom bird, take us home.

These lyrics were composed by 1lt Davis, CW-2 Prosser, and 1lt Killackey  
And dedicated to the thirty three spuds-pilots and TO's-who have lost  
Their lives or been captured in the six years that we have worked in the  
Republic of Vietnam,

## Interview with a Phantom Pilot

The following interview was recorded when a civilian correspondent interviewed a shy, unassuming Air Force F-4 Phantom jet pilot. To make sure the true airforce story was told the wing Information Officer (IO) was on hand. The captain was asked his opinion of the F-4 Phantom.

*"It's so fucking maneuverable you can fly up your own asshole with it."*

"What the Captain means to say is that he has found the F-4 highly maneuverable at all altitudes and he considers it an excellent aircraft for all missions." Said the IO



"I suppose captain, that you've flown a number of missions in North Vietnam. What do you think of the SAM missile used by the North Vietnamese?"

*"Why those bastards couldn't hit a bull in the ass with a base fiddle!" Exclaimed the Captain*

"What the Captain means is that the surface to air missiles around Hanoi pose a serious threat to our air operations and that the pilots have a healthy respect for them." said the IO.

"I suppose, Captain that you've flown missions to the south. What kind of ordinance do you use and what kind of targets do you hit?"

*"Well, I tell ya, mostly we aim to kicking the shit out of the Vietnamese villages, and my favorite ordinance is napalm, man that stuff just sucks the air right out of their friggin lungs and makes a sun of a bitching fire".*

"What the Captain means is that the air strikes in South Vietnam are often against Viet Cong structures, and that operations are always under the positive control of a forward air controller, or fac. The ordinance is conventual 500 and 750 pound bombs and 20 mm cannon fire. Said the IO.

"I suppose you went on R&R in Hong Kong, What was your impression of the oriental girls?"

*"Yeah I went to Hong Kong, and as far as those oriental broads, well it don't matter which way the runway runs, east-west, north-south, a piece of ass is a piece of ass!"*

"What the Captain means is that he found the delicately featured oriental girls most fascinating and very impressed with their fine manners, and thinks their naivete most charming." Said the IO.

"Tell me Captain have you flown any missions other than in North and South Vietnam?"

*"You bet your sweet ass I've flown other missions than the north and south We get fragged every day for missions in Cambodia and Laos. Those little bastards throw every thing, even the kitchen sink, even the kids have slingshots!"*

*"What the Captain means is that occasionally he flies missions in the extreme western DMZ, and he has a healthy respect for the FLAK in the area."* Said the IO.

*"I understand that nobody in the 12th tactical fighter wing has got a MIG. What seems to be the problem?"*

*"Why you screwhead, If you knew anything about the problem with MIGs. Those peckerheads at seventh for those encounters in MIG valley, You'd bet your ass we'd get some of those mothers, Those glory hounds at Ubon get all the frags while we got to settle for fighten' the friggin war. Those mothers at Ubon are sittin' on their fat asses killing MIGs while we get stuck bombing those goldarn cabbage patches!"*

*"What the Captain means is that each element of the seventh airforce is responsible for their assigned job in the air war. Some elements are responsible for neutralizing enemy air strength, while other elements are assigned bombing missions interdicting enemy supply routes."* Said the IO.

*"Captain of all the targets you've hit in Vietnam, which one was the most satisfying?"*

*"Well shit I tell you, it was the time i was fragged on a suspected VC vegetable garden. I dropped napalm in the middle of the fucking cabbage and rutabagas and my wing man splashed it real good with 750 pound mothers and spread the fire all the way to the friggin beets and carrots!"*

*"What the Captain means is that the great variety of tactical targets available throughout Vietnam make the F-4 the perfect aircraft to provide flexible response to any target."* Said the IO.

*"What do you consider to be the most difficult target you've struck in North Vietnam?"*

*"The friggin bridges. I must a dropped forty tons of bombs on those swayin bamboo mothers and I ain't hit one yet."*

*What the Captain means interdicting bridges along enemy routes is very important and is a quite difficult target. The best way to accomplish this is to crater the approaches to the bridges."* Said the IO.

*"I've noticed from touring, the various sections of the airfield are covered with aluminum mating and on the taxiways. Would you care to comment on its usefulness and effectiveness in Vietnam."*

*"You're fucking right I would like to comment, most of us pilots are well hung, but you don't know what hung up is until get hung up on one of those bumps"*

*on the goldurn stuff!"*

"What the Captain means is that the aluminum matting is quite satisfactory as a temporary expedient, but requires some finesse in taxing and braking the aircraft." Said the IO.

"Did you have an opportunity to meet your wife on R&R in Honolulu, and did you enjoy your visit with her?"

*"Yeah I met my wife in Honolulu, but I forgot to check the calendar so the whole five days were pretty well combat proof. A complete dry run."*

"What the captain means is that it was wonderful to get together with his wife and family and learn first hand how things were going at home." Said the IO.

"Thank you for your time Captain"

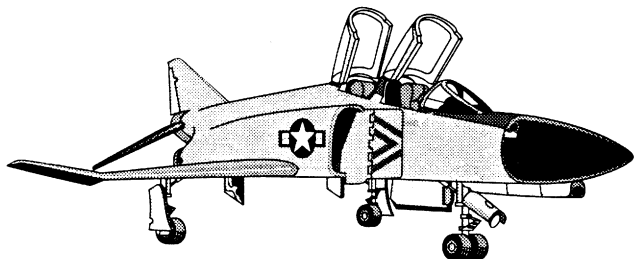
*"Screw you , why don't you bastards print the real story, instead of that crap!"*

"What the Captain means is that he enjoyed the opportunity to discuss his tour with you." Said the IO.

"Oh, one final question Captain, could you reduce your impression of the war into a simple phrase or statement?"

*"You bet your ass I can, it's a fucked up war"*

"What the captain means is **it's a fucked up war,**" said the IO.



The Miserable End



The Mohawk Patch



Dear Lydia

for  
your

OK 23

I was made glad I got to see some of  
what you are putting on TV. I thought I was the  
only one there to keep the camp up during a heavy  
down pour. Weather!

As we were in Texas in the winter the last week the  
100th A2 so called our band in Phobos and others  
23 Most aviation units we had a lot of time to party  
and sing songs. Our main guitar player was a white  
officer - Gene Vossler, He was the one who started the  
band - "Guns". When we started to stand down in  
1972 and 73 I had him and a couple of guys to write  
down the words to all the songs. I was assigned to  
ft Huachuca, az. I had them typed and mimeographed off  
in several hundred copies. I have planned to send out  
ten them all out + get a song book printed but as you  
all I have done is put the words in this little song  
book called the SPVD by manual. Our units call sign  
was SPVD.

I don't know if any of this will be of value.  
I thought I'd send it on way. Keep up the good  
work on this project. If I can help in any way  
please let me know!

Stan Bloom  
EO 12812  
100th A2  
100th A2  
100th A2